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We offer no prizes to induce housekeepers to buy Welcome Soap. We put the prize money in the soap. That is why it stands alone, a gem of purity.

Welcome in every home. Quick to remove dirt, never injuring the clothes, for there is no injurious alkali or adulteration.

If its honest soap you want—not prizes—use



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SKIN AFFECTIONS,
AND ALL AFFECTIONS
OF THE URINARY
SYSTEM.
Consumption

THE SULTAN'S "NOBLE FIGHT."

A Reply by Rev. Cyrus Hamlin to F. Hopkinson Smith.

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

Sir:—Another communication of F. Hopkinson Smith, in "The New York Herald" of Nov. 1, has been brought to my notice, containing personal references and misstatements which I think it proper to correct. But, first of all, it is to be hoped that "The Herald" is simply rewarded for its championship of Abdul Hamid—called by the poet Watson "Abdul the Damned," and by Gladstone "Abdul the Assassin." This successor of Mahomet has earned the universal execration of the civilized world, and "The Herald" should be magnificently rewarded for its Quixotic daring. It is more hopeless, however, than the brave knight's attack upon the windmills.

Who is Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith? We know him only from his Oriental correspondence. He published a letter, months ago, attacking the American missions in Turkey in a manner that drew upon him so much rebuke and ridicule that, had he been a wise man, he would not have dipped his pen in worm-wood and falsehood again.

Mr. Smith is evidently a man who is accustomed to affirm as true things which he knows nothing about. For example, he asserts that I "warned the Board of Foreign Missions," etc. I made no such reference to the Board. My object was to make known the absurd and wicked revolutionary movement as a trick of Russia. It had its origin there. Is it honorable to misstate entirely a man's object in such a case?

"The missionary element in Armenia," with "headquarters at Roberts College, in Pera," etc. There is no such college in Armenia. There is no such college as Roberts College. A college was founded by Christopher R. Robert of New York (not Marshall O. Roberts), and its name is Roberts College. It is not the "headquarters of the missionary element." It has no connection with it, nor has it had from the beginning. It is not in Pera, but in Rumel-Hissar.

"The land on which Roberts (Robert) college stands was a present from the Sultan. He also donated a large amount of money from his private purse." I purchased the land, and paid for it, fourteen years before Abdul Hamid came to the throne. He never gave us a penny from his private purse nor a foot of land. The previous Sultan, his uncle, Abdul Aziz, after seven years of unjust refusal, gave us leave to build, and by a sacred imperial order placed the college under the power of the United States. He likewise gave us neither a penny nor a foot of land, and we had to pay for the change of titles and for the laying out and mapping of the road made necessary by the terms of the imperial order.

The "thirty soldiers circulating night and day around the college," we are glad to say, has an element of truth in it, with some imagination. There are fifteen soldiers encamped in one of the college buildings; and when the president requested their withdrawal they chose to stay, saying they were comfortable. We do not blame them for preferring that pure air and magnificent scenery and pleasant housing to their dark and filthy barracks, where vermin are apt to be their most lively accompaniment!

"The Rumanians, their nearest neighbors." Here is some marvelous geography. We have supposed the Russians and Persians were their nearest neighbors." We have been in Rumania, but we had to go hundreds of miles. The Armenians would have to go through Russian territory to get there. But Mr. Smith can easily reduce any geographical distance to a point. If Rumania or any other land has excluded these terror-stricken fugitives it did an act of inhumanity and an eternal disgrace.

We have noted the above errors, some of slight and others of great importance, as specimens of Hopkinson Smith's writing without regard to fact or truth, while claiming to have exact knowledge. His word cannot be trusted in anything. But Hopkinson Smith's colossal ignorance of Turkey and her populations, and especially of the two parties in the field, the Turks and the Armenians, amazes one, and makes his magnificent effort to enlighten the world extremely ridiculous. The Sultan has so few defenders that he can pay very high for such chivalrous defence; and we hope that Mr. Smith received a compensation that will enable him to bear joyfully the contempt which his ignorance incurs. We have lived 35 years in Turkey. We spoke the chief languages needful, especially the Armenian, Greek and Turkish; and Mr. Smith will not be offended if we enlighten him on some points.

Who are the terrible Armenians in Turkey? They are the remnants of an ancient Christian people, amounting to 2,000,000 or 2,500,000 in Turkey. They are a quiet, industrious people, peasant farmers, traders and common artisans. I have always considered them the most useful and industrious people in Turkey. Five hundred years of Moslem oppression has taken away ambition and hope, but they have usually by industry and providence laid by for winter in the cold regions a better supply of food, storage and fuel than any other people. They are scattered all through the Empire. There is no department where there are not a minority; often of one to three, or one to four, or one to forty.

They are wholly unarmed. They have never been allowed to bear arms, and, if they had them, would not know how to use them. They have no head centre.

They could not assemble, for the Turks hold all the roads and have an immense and well-organized army of the most terrible fighters in the world, and in numbers the Moslems are ten to one against the Armenians. To suppose that these poor, unarmed, quiet Armenian peasants and traders ever thought of a revolution against such fearful odds is to suppose them idiots—which they are not. They are sensible, patient people. They have had no sympathy with the Hunchags, or revolutionists. They have petitioned the Sultan for mercy. They have protested their loyalty to him. He has spurned them with the dagger of the assassin.

In destroying this poor, defenceless remnant of a defenceless people, "the Sultan deserves the sympathy of every right-minded man for his defence of his country and law and order. It is a grand, noble and plucky thing for him to do, and he is doing it admirably." Shades of Mehmet the Conqueror! Here is the redoubtable Abdul Hamid, who can pull out at least ten armed Moslems against one unarmed Armenian peasant! And in killing him, in burning—after looting—his habitation and leaving his wife and children homeless and shelterless if they will not Islamize, he has done "a grand, noble and plucky thing!" We should call him simply a coward and a murderer.

There are three or four hundred thousand widows and children and old men looking forward with terror to the approaching winter; and the Christian sympathy felt for their suffering, and the efforts on their behalf, Mr. Hopkinson Smith ridicules as "pathos-mongery!" Clara Barton's work and all the efforts of the missionaries and of benevolent people in England and America to rescue and save the sufferers from starvation and cold are "pathos-mongery!"

What is the design of the Sultan in giving up 2,000,000 of his subjects to plunder, robbery and assassination? To provide pay for his soldiers and officers in that way is too monstrous to be a leading motive. His whole course since he came to the throne must be studied in order to understand him. He has a deep and invincible hatred of the Armenians, and has for 18 years nursed the design of destroying or converting them to Islam. His mother is said to be a renegade Armenian woman; and it has been a general law for renegades to hate bitterly their race remaining faithful. There have been many illustrations of this in Ottoman history.

There are two remaining points in this utterance of Mr. Smith upon which he needs enlightenment: the Hunchags, or revolutionists, and the missionaries. Russia very early saw her opportunity to make Abdul Hamid her instrument in destroying the Turkish Empire and opening her path to Constantinople. Russian-Armenian Hunchags, or revolutionists, began their work in Turkey, when it had become evident that the Sultan had determined to exert his power for the conversion or destruction of the Armenians. They came on from Russia with Russian passports, which made them safe in committing any outrage—for they would be taken before the Russian Consul for trial. They began to form secret revolutionary organizations where they could, deceiving some light-brained youth to join them who had neither brains nor wit to see how absurd was the project of obtaining freedom by force. All sensible people utterly rejected them, although the increasing oppressions of the government and the robberies of the Kurds were becoming intolerable. They made a good thing out of it themselves by forcing Armenians of means to give them heavy contributions for the cause. Many somewhat rich Armenians have been assassinated by these Russian-Armenian Hunchags. One obtained, under threat of assassination, a thousand pounds; and when the man revealed the fact to the government he was speedily assassinated.

These plots and violent publications of the Hunchags were promptly taken advantage of by Hamid. They were reported in the Turkish newspapers so as to make it appear that all the Armenians were rebels. The Hunchags have thus helped the Sultan to fan the fanaticism of the Turks and prepare the way for the massacres. The Turks are not a difficult people to live with, if you do not excite their fanaticism. I have heard respectable Armenians say that they never had any difficulty with their Turkish neighbors. But when anything arouses their religious fanaticism, reason, judgment and mercy depart. The Sultan has aroused a fanaticism which he cannot easily allay.

These Hunchags are no representatives of the Armenian people. They are Russian agents to stir up strife. The Armenians have always preferred Turkey to Russia; as is proved by the fact that the two countries are coterminous, and yet twice as many Armenians have always been found in Turkey as in Russia.

Mr. Smith says "there are 100,000 Armenians in Constantinople, and every one of them is a Christian Anarchist." This is absolutely false. I was for thirty-five years on terms of intimacy with every class of Armenians there and in different parts of the country. I had students from every part. There was neither anarchism nor socialism among them. But if Mr. Smith simply means that they have some objection to being slaughtered by Abdul Hamid, so much is doubtless true. Mr. Smith knows nothing about the Armenians; and what he pretends to know isn't so. That they

are now driven to desperation is the "work of the assassin."

Mr. Smith's excitement about the missionaries is rather amusing. He seems to have just discovered them; and makes haste to reveal his discovery to the world. They have been in Turkey these seventy years. Their characters and works are known and read of all men. He declares them all teachers of revolution, in league with the plotters. I have had an extensive acquaintance with them for sixty years, and I never knew one of the character which he attributes to all. His testimony is false and malicious. It is evidently shaped to please the Turks. But some of it is a little funny. He represents as one of the results of the teaching of the missionaries the attempt by the Armenians "to murder their own Monarch Bartholomew Izmirlian." (Sic.)

This is a little confusing. The Armenians had a Patriarch Izmirlian. He was much beloved and honored by the missionaries. He abhorred the Hunchags. Some months ago he resigned, and a Bishop Bartholomew is in his place. Probably Mr. Smith's dragoman wickedly put the two names together and then laughed in his sleeve to see how readily he swallowed them. But, now, which was it they tried to assassinate? We have heard, from other sources, that Izmirlian was often threatened by the Hunchags; but that would not answer Mr. Smith's object. He must have a man who can be assassinated according to missionary teaching. But, still, we have to give it up, for there is no reason why the missionaries should want to kill poor Bartholomew. We suspect Mr. Smith obtained most of his information from his Levantine dragoman. These Levantine dragomen supply more information to unsuspecting travellers than they could learn from books in a year. They are quick, also, to see what complexion to give to their treasures.

"It is my honest opinion," says Mr. Smith, "that if it had not been for the attitude of the missionaries in Turkey, these outrages, or a great many of them, would never have occurred." What "attitude of missionaries" has led to the slaughter of so many men, women and children? They are preachers of the Gospel and teachers in schools and colleges. All their work has been open to friend and foe. They have visited the sick; they have interceded for the wounded; they have refused to leave their posts; their dwellings have been burned and all their contents looted or destroyed. They have fled from place to place under fire, and yet their attitude has been that of brave and patient endurance of all, for the sake of this poor slaughtered people!

We pity poor Mr. Smith, that he can see nothing noble or sublime in Corinna Shattuck's "attitude" at Urfa—facing a fierce and bloody mob, and telling them she would not give up the Armenians in her house, and they could enter only by taking her life! The mob yielded to this one weak, defenceless woman! Is that the "missionary attitude" Mr. Smith would condemn?

More recently, in Hasskey, one of the suburbs of the capital, where the personal authority of the Sultan is supreme, the mob approached an American house, occupied by two American missionary ladies. They threw out the American flag from the window over their door and cried out, "This is an American house! You cannot come here!" The mob pulled down and tore up the flag, and trampled it in the dirt, burst open the door, killing the only servant they found, and gave up the house to plunder. The two ladies made their escape. They did right. They looked to their country's flag for protection, and when they found it a worthless rag they fled.

This may be said to have occurred almost under the eye of the Sultan. "It was a grand, noble and plucky fight for him to make—and he did it admirably!"

CYRUS HAMLIN.

New York, Nov. 11, 1896.

Literary News.

Some idea of the circulation of the Youth's Companion may be gained from the fact that the weekly edition sent to the Boston post office averages 44 tons and is carried in 22 mail wagons. This popular young folks' paper celebrates its 75th birthday next year and its prospectus indicates that the foremost people in the world will contribute to its columns. Stories will be given by Ian Maclaren, Rudyard Kipling, Stephen Crane, Harold Frederic and Clark Russell. Speaker Reed, Secretary Herbert, Senator Lodge, Hon. Carl Schurz, Postmaster-General Wilson, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt—these are a few of the two hundred names that figure in the latest list of Companion contributors. New subscribers sending \$1.75 to the Companion for 1897 will receive the Companion for the remainder of the year free, also the Companion's artistic twelve-color calendar, and the paper a full year to January, 1898. Illustrated prospectus of the next volume will be sent free upon request.

Rudyard Kipling's new serial "Captain Courageous" begins in the current number of McClure's magazine. Dealing with a phase of life far apart from the ordinary—that of the Gloucester fisherman on the Grand Banks—the story reads as if some actual fisherman, suddenly lifted out of his lifelong condition and endowed with the gift of literary perspective and expression, was looking back on it and writing out his own experience.

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By NATHANIEL C. FOWLER, JR., of New York, Doctor of Publicity.

No matter what you are or where you live.

You are a citizen now. From a business point of view you have forgotten that there is a Republican party, a Democratic party, a Popocratic, a Socialistic, or any other kind.

McKinley will be President, whether you voted for him or not, and Gold Bugs and Silverites will use the same money. Business has been bad, and business simply has got to be good.

Reaction must produce results, and in this case cannot bring failure.

The country is ready for good times, the people demand good times, good times are expected, good times will come, and good times really have come.

The financial interests of the country are settling themselves, and members of every political party are campaigning no longer.

They are attending to business.

It is obvious that people want to buy goods largely because they need goods, that the man who has the goods for sale is likely to be the man who will sell the goods if people know he has them, and so long as advertising appears to be the only economical, sensible, and practical method of connecting the seller with the buyer, advertising will increase as the good times increase, and the man who doesn't advertise, or the man who advertises sparingly, may find that the incoming tide of goods will rush over him and drown him, if he doesn't buoy himself up with good publicity.

The Purest and Best Pleasures.

The purest and best pleasures of affection and of social intercourse come to us without being sought. The truly happy man, in his relations with his family, his friends and his fellow citizens, is he who is thinking very little of his own personal enjoyment and very much of their well being. But, while he is planning and striving for the happiness of his wife, the education of his children, the comfort of his friend, the prosperity of his city, and still more when he is witnessing the consummation of his efforts, his own heart is filled with a joy which is far higher, purer and more permanent than any for which he could have striven.—[Catholic Universe.]

Walter R. Davis has been expelled from the Methodist church at Randolph because, as is alleged, he robbed the contribution box.

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